

elevators and love confessions

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elevators and love confessions

by Anonymous

Summary

george and dream get stuck in an elevator. who knew it would be kinda sexy?

Notes

help me help me help me i don't know why i wrote this. i started it a few weeks ago and then it kinda just dissolved into smut and i didn't know how to stop myself.

im rlly inexperienced at writing anything like this, so go easy on me lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Never in a million years would George think that he would be stuck in an elevator with the worst

human being alive.

Maybe he was being dramatic—okay he *definitely* was, but he felt like the feeling was valid considering the close confines they both found themselves in. He could practically feel the heat of *his* body from across the box. The emergency services had said that the power had been cut off and it would take a few hours at the least to fix it. As long as they weren't in any immediate danger, they didn't want to pry the doors open and pull them out. George wondered if banging his head against the wall and giving himself brain damage would be classified as immediate danger. He sighed silently and shifted his eyes from the ceiling toward the other person stuck in here with him.

He had his head leaned back against the wall; his eyes closed. George took a moment to stare, there wasn't much else to look at anyway, he told himself. His shoulders were tense underneath his black tee shirt, his hands placed in his lap while his legs stretched out toward George. If George were to extend his own, they would probably touch even with his small stature, that's how tall Dream was.

Dream. Clay. Same, difference, apparently. Sapnap introduced him to the guy at some frat party a few months ago. Both he and Sapnap were close teammates, playing football for their university. Instantly Clay came across as arrogant and a shameless flirt. He seemed to flirt with everyone, but it came to be his favorite pastime to spend an entire night pestering George until he was pretty sure George was going to spontaneously combust. And the endless flirting didn't end there, it seemed that whenever George was in the same vicinity, Clay made it his personal mission to bug him relentlessly, no matter the time of day.

Sapnap had told him to give the guy a chance, but George refused. He'd rather stick a fork in a light socket than talk to Clay. Besides, he didn't think the man was capable of a normal conversation anyway. He was impossible.

George hadn't realized that Clay had opened his eyes until he saw the yellow ones staring back at him. He tried to force down the blush that was forming when he realized he had been caught staring. It was easier to push back when he saw the coy smile forming on his lips, a bit of annoyance replacing his embarrassment.

“No, it’s alright, Georgie. You can keep looking.” His smile only grew when he saw the faint color blooming on his pale cheeks. George swore he was going to invest in some sort of concealer if it meant that his body would stop betraying him and outing his internal suffering.

“Sorry, I was just thinking about how I wish I was stuck in here with literal anyone else.”

“Come on, George. You don’t mean that. We can have fun.”

George pulled a face, wrinkling his nose as Clay started to chuckle again. “I’m going to lose my sanity if I’m stuck in here with you for three more hours.”

Clay was silent for a long moment. George almost thought that he had fallen asleep or something, since he had returned his head to resting against the elevator wall, his eyes closed again.

His voice when he spoke again startled George.

“Can we just...Can’t we get along?” He asked quietly, seemingly looking anywhere else to avoid looking at George. His tone was soft, softer than he had ever heard it. George couldn’t detect a joke or sarcasm in his words. The fact that he was speaking genuinely took him back. He wasn’t quite sure what to say and his annoyance slowly began to fizz out. George took too long to respond because Clay spoke up again, looking George in the eye now. “Look, we’re kind of stuck

in here together, so we might as well make the best of it.”

“Make the best of it?”

“Ever played twenty questions?”

George gave him a look. “Are we in middle school?”

“No, we’re trapped in an elevator.”

“Good point.”

“How old are you?” Clay asked, his tone humorously formal.

George almost didn’t play along with him. But his annoyance was starting to lift, and he did acknowledge that he had a point. If they were stuck in here, they may as well make the time pass even a little quicker. “Twenty-four. You?”

“I’m twenty-one. Your turn.”

He thought for a moment. “Your major?”

“You don’t know my major?”

George blinked. “I...well, I don’t know. I never asked, I don’t think.”

“I’m a computer science major.”

“But I’m a computer science major.” George stuttered.

“We have two classes together.” Clay laughed. “I sit behind you though, maybe that’s why you don’t notice me.”

George felt a pang of something he couldn’t quite identify hearing Clay’s words. “I’m sorry—”

“No, no. I’m not trying—I mean, you always look super busy, so I never come up to you. I didn’t want to bother you in class or anything.”

“But you want to bother me all of the other times?” George surprised himself when his words weren’t at all hostile, and instead had a hint of teasing to them.

“Of course.” Clay winked. “It’s still your turn.”

The back and forth went on for a while. George went from using it to waste time to actually being interested in the answers that Clay was giving him. He wanted to know more, and he wanted Clay to know a bit about him, too, even though George was usually so closed off.

After an hour or so of sitting, the two stand up, stretching their sore legs, while continuing to share stories. Clay wanted to visit England and was intrigued every time George said something about his home country. He felt like it was sort of endearing, making a weird feeling flutter in his chest.

It wasn’t until the lights in the elevator shut off that the fact they were locked in the enclosed space began to weigh on George again. The distraction wasn’t working anymore. Clay cursed beside him, pulling out his phone to use the flashlight to find the call button the panel. He pressed it a few times to no avail, the buttons didn’t even light up anymore. There was a loud grinding sound before an emergency light flooded in, momentarily blinding them.

"Well, this somehow got worse." Clay mumbled. George felt him fumble for something, before a white light contrasted with the red that was flooding through overhead.

"At least the elevator didn't drop or something."

Clay shot him a dirty look. "Now that's definitely going to happen."

George rolled his eyes. "Are you that superstitious?"

"I am when I'm trapped in an elevator with you."

George furrowed his brow. What was that supposed to mean? He knew that they had disliked each other before this, but he thought maybe with their talk, that had changed a little. It certainly changed his opinion of Clay immensely.

Like he could hear his thoughts, Clay winced. "I didn't mean—"

"No, it's fine."

"George, I promise I didn't mean it like that." Clay made a frustrated noise, still not looking at him. "I'm just...you make me nervous."

Those certainly weren't words that George would've ever expected to hear out of Clay's mouth. Clay, the quarterback for their university football team, always loud, arrogant and obnoxious whenever George was around him with their friends, was nervous around him? That didn't make any sense.

George couldn't come up with words to respond with. How could he? What was one to say to that?

So, Clay decided to continue. It looked like he had a long internal argument before he opened his mouth. "You don't know how intimidating you are, George. I see you all the time around campus, and every time I want to go up to you, but I get too scared—like I'm going to throw up." He chuckled a little, running a hand through his wild golden strands. "I know you don't like me. I tried to leave you alone, but it's like you're haunting me. You're everywhere, all of the time."

His stomach flipped with an emotion that George couldn't describe. His words were failing him again, he wasn't sure if he could form a sentence if he tried.

"This is probably going to ruin everything if I finally say it out loud."

George didn't know what he was doing. His body was moving quicker than his brain, leaning forward on its own accord. He collided with Clay, sending the other boy falling back a little into the side of the elevator. When his lips touched Clay's, the unrelenting feeling in his stomach exploded, making him gasp into the kiss.

He didn't know why he reacted that way. Clay could've just been confessing how he wished that they could be friends. He nearly pulled back, throwing himself away from the boy as quickly as he could, but the larger boy didn't let him go.

He could feel Clay's hands on his hips, sliding up underneath his shirt. His grip was burning, almost painful how sensitive he was to his touch. George tightened his grip around Clay's neck, pulling them impossibly closer. He didn't know what he was doing, he didn't know *why*, but all of it just felt so right.

A growl escaped Clay's throat when George bit his lip as he was pulling back, his grip tightening

to a point it would definitely bruise into small fingerprints. He pulled back just enough so he could see Clay's yellow eyes. He seemed to be searching George's, looking for something. George tilted his head, smiling a little. "Is this okay?"

Clay gave him a blinding smile and just as George's head spun, he turned them so quickly that George couldn't tell what happened until he felt the warm metal of the elevator wall against his back. "More than okay."

Clay attacked his neck, making George gasp, his fingers gripping the collar of Clay's shirt tightly. He threw his head back, letting him have better access. Everything was hot. It felt like his kisses were leaving embers in their wake. His head spun, it felt like he wasn't even in his own body, only focusing on where Clay touched him.

He bit harshly down on his collarbone, making him cry out and tightening his grip on his hair. He soothed the bite with a soft swipe of his tongue, groaning into his skin as he pulled a little harder again on his curls.

He nearly wanted to stop, feeling as if they should probably talk about this and maybe confess their feelings in an adult sort of way instead of a hormonal teenager way, but then Clay's knee brushed the front of his sweatpants and any sensible thought flew out of his brain. He felt him smirk into his neck at the reaction, continuing to mark his neck with painful pleasure. George worked his hands down, before trailing underneath his sweatshirt.

"Cold." Clay hissed, pulling his lips up to George's bruised mouth. George only responded by moving his hands up further, brushing his pecs. The brunet gasped as his grip tightened again, shoving him back against the wall. "Brat."

God the way he said it made his cock throb, painfully brushing against the fabric of his boxers. There wasn't enough friction. But George didn't seem in control of his body, unable to do anything except brush his warming fingertips against Clay's muscular abdomen as they kissed, impossibly deeper this time.

"Don't tell me you like dirty talk." He whispered into his ear, George letting out a small whimper as his breath sent chills down his spine. "You little whore."

"Clay," George breathed, unsure what he wanted to say. He pulled back, staring expectantly at George, waiting for him to speak but his mouth wouldn't work. "Please."

"Please?"

"Do something. Touch me."

"I am touching you." He ran his hands up and down his sides, more shivers ripping through his body at the light touches.

He tossed his head back against the wall, letting it thump against the metal. His eyes nearly popped out of his skull when Clay unexpectedly brushed a finger over his clothed bulge, but as soon as the constant came, it was gone. "What do you need, Georgie?"

He bit down on his lip, his entire body flushing. He didn't want to say it, embarrassment tugging at his stomach. But Clay knew exactly how to get what he wanted out of George, he knew how to work his body better than the brunet did, apparently. Another soft touch was all he needed to keen. "I want more, please. Please, please, touch me there."

Clay pressed an open mouthed kiss against his jaw. "See, that's all you had to say."

They switched places again, but this time George was pressed close to Clay's chest, legs almost wrapped around his waist. George tugged himself closer, pressing his mouth against Clay's but cried out when he rolled his hips harshly into George's.

"Fuck," Clay growled, his hands shifting on George's hips to get a better grip, lowering to his ass and squeezing, making the brunet's back arch.

George could do nothing except wrap his arms around his neck and tangle his fingers into his hair to keep himself grounded as Clay slowly rolled his erection into the older boy's. The pace was brutal for the wrong reason, because George just wanted more, more, more, trying to gain it by moving his hips faster, but Clay just held him still. He seemed to be relishing in George's whines, his soft pleads in the boy's ear.

Frustration quickly took ahold of George. Clay chuckled in the brunet's ear as his whines grew more impatient. If he wanted to play that game, if he wanted to mess with him, George was all for it.

The brunet licked a stripe on the side of the blond's neck, him shifting ever so slightly to give George more room, but that wasn't his plan. His swollen lips brushed against the cuff of his ear as he let out the obscenest moan that he could.

He had gotten the reaction, and he knew as soon as he thrusted his hips up all while pulling George down against his cock. Both of the boys let out their moans, entirely too loud for a public setting, but neither of them really gave a fuck. The friction of George's cock in his boxers grinding against Clay's jeans covered erection was nearly sending him over the edge in just a few moments. Maybe it was the soft grunts that Clay was panting in his ears, or maybe his large hands that gripped around his waist and that could break him in half if he wanted to. It wasn't until that moment that he realized just how much bigger Clay was compared to him. He could smother him if he wanted, he could take everything he wanted from the smaller boy and George would probably let him.

"You like that? You want my cock that bad, huh, Georgie?"

That almost did him in entirely. "Jesus fuck, Clay." Did he know any other words? Nothing seemed to want to come out of his mouth except garbled curses and wanton moans, his mind only focused on where their hips were connecting over and over.

If he was in his right mind, maybe he would be a little embarrassed about how he was practically humping Clay like a dog in heat. How just the friction from grinding his erection over Clay's was about to send him over the edge.

A hand left his waist and went to the back of his neck, forcing him back onto Clay's lips. The blond wasted no time invading his mouth with his tongue, deepening the kiss and succeeding in George's head spinning into orbit.

He was getting close. Every time Clay pulled him down into his thrusts, he couldn't hold in his loud, practically pornographic moans, uncaring if anyone heard them. If anything, the thought of getting caught on the blond's lap turned him on impossibly further.

"You're so good for me, George. So needy." Clay murmured in his ear, pressing kisses to his jawline.

"I'm close." He gasped, fingers tightening in the blond's hair, pulling down painfully hard on the strands.

Clay let out a greedy moan at the sensation, seeming to find the need to go quicker with his thrusts, more rough, more more more.

George felt the tightening in his stomach, fire raging there, the pressure building with each roll of his hips. He unlatched a hand from Clay's hair and grabbed one of the hands that was gripping his waist. He looked at Clay as he pressed his much larger one to his throat, manually wrapping his fingers around the places he liked best. He saw how the blond's yellow eyes blew wider than before, filling with lust and arousal. He liked it, he liked seeing Clay look at him like this.

God please, he was going to explode.

"Jesus Christ, you're so hot." He groaned, tightening his grip around George's throat, not enough to cut off his air supply, but just enough to send George's already spinning mind, fuzzy.

That's what did him in, the pressure finally loosening and exploding with pleasure. His orgasm hit him harder than he had felt in ages, possibly ever. He threw his head back, his back arching, the grip on his throat was sending tingles down to his toes.

When he came down from his high, he looked at Clay, who was smiling softly at him with a blissfully fucked-out expression, unleashing his hold on his throat to go back to his waist. The look that he was giving George was sending another type of feeling through him, a bit of nervousness and butterflies.

"Fuck," George cursed breathlessly, leaning into his chest for some type of support. His limbs felt weak. "did we really just do that?"

Clay didn't seem to hear him. "I'm in love with you. I think I have been since I saw you on move-in day."

The sudden declaration sent him reeling, pulling back from where he laid against him to stare into his intense gaze. "You—you're in love with me?"

"Always have been. Probably always will be. I don't want to scare you off." He winced, as if he realized the consequences to his outright declaration of love. "I'm sorry, I –"

George cut him off with his hands pressing to his warm cheeks, giving him a soft smile and pressing his lips into Clay's. The kiss was much different than it had been before. While that was full of urgency and desperation, this was filled with emotion and tenderness, even a bit of trepidation. And even though George didn't say those three little words out loud, Clay somehow knew what he was trying to convey.

A sudden shift in the elevator made both of them jump, nearly knocking foreheads with each other. The control panel was back on, showing them going down a few floors. The pair scrambled to their feet just in time for the metal doors to slide open.

They looked so outrageously guilty, standing in front of the firemen and college staff members, with red faces and purple hickeys blooming on the side of George's neck.

And even worse, their friends, Nick, Alex and Karl seemed to be at the wrong place at the wrong time, started to cackle as soon as they noticed their appearance, sending the pair running off with uncomfortable pants and thrilled grins.

Even with the mortification, George decided that would take getting caught in an elevator with Clay any day.

End Notes

i am so sorry for any errors, i needed to post this as soon as possible or i was going to delete the entire thing and pretend it didn't happen

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